



ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRE
#12

JULY 71

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PDC 80¢



IS THIS THE END OF
VAMPIRELLA?

WITH ONE FATAL BURNING TOUCH
THIS SHADY WINGED CREATURE
CAN KILL! READ...

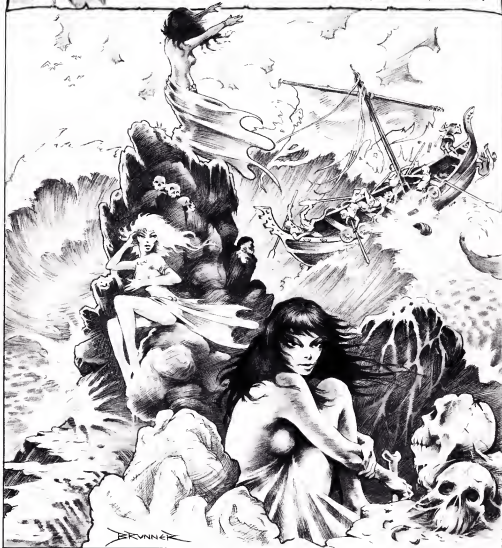
DEATH'S DARK ANGEL!

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VAMPIR'S FEARY TALES

THE SIRENS!

LEGEND HAS IT, THAT THERE WERE THREE SIRENS, WHO WITH THEIR SINGING BEGUILLED SAILORS TO THE MEADOWS OF THEIR ISLAND, WHERE THE BONES OF FORMER VICTIMS LAY MOULDERING IN HEAPS! IT IS THOUGHT THEY WERE THE DAUGHTERS OF "PHORCY'S" OR HELL, AND THEREFORE FIRST COUSINS TO THE HARPIES. IN HOMER'S EPIC "THE ODYSSEY" THE FORTHWORN ULYSSES HAD HIS MEN STUFF BEES WAX IN THEIR EARS, SO AS NOT TO BE SWAYED FROM THEIR COURSE. COUNTLESS LEGENDS OF OTHER LANDS TELL OF EXOTIC ALLURING WOMEN, SINGING AMONG THE ROCKS! SOME SAY THEY WERE HALF BIRD SOME HALF FISH, OR JUST TOTALLY HUMAN! BUT MOST WHO SAW AND HEARD COULD NOT RESIST AND WERE DASHED UPON THE ROCKS! PERHAPS TO BE DEVoured BY THESE EVIL BEAUTIES!





VAMPIRELLA

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VAMPIRE



SCARLET

In the March issue, (Vampirella #10) we ran 'THE RESULTS OF THE FIRST MISS VAMPIRE CONTEST' on Vampire's Flames pages, which included photos of the contestants who took part in the event held last summer at Palisades Amusement park, Palisades, N.J. Several weeks after issue #10 circulated through the country, I received a letter from the winner of the contest, Christine Domaniecki:

Dear Blood Sister;

Just saying 'thanks' for the pictures of me in issue #10. It was rather difficult to get amnesty to appear in sunlight (end on film) that day. But as you can see, the results were worthwhile.

I used several of your back issues as inspiration and reference for the outfit I wore. (The bat tattoo of course was yours.) My regards to your side of the family.

CHRISTINE DOMANIECKI
(New York Regional
Miss American Vampire)
Belleville, N.J.

“Thanks,
Blood Sister
for the pictures
of me
in Vampirella
#10...”

A Congratulations, Christine. We're all proud of you for winning, and a little envious of your being captured on film. At present, I'm relegated to just being rendered in art form (drawings, paintings, etc.) Someday perhaps we'll stand side by side for a photo. We received many interesting comments regarding the photos of the runner-up. Printed below is one of the most interesting of the batch from a very observant reader.



RONALD G. HASK
Marion, Va.

of Satanism in the worship of the Horned God).

Thank you, Ron, for that bit of interesting information. If Witch Hazel (contestant #13) sees this, I wonder what further comments she'd have on the subject. If any of you readers out there know her, ask her to write me. I'm always curious to learn more concerning the occult religions of my blood sisters and vampire here on Earth.

WAR OF THE WIZARDS



Up to now, I've seen four issues of Vampirella. I would rate them as follows:

#7 - bad; #8 - average; #9 - good; #10 - excellent. But #10 was the first time the artwork in one of your magazines thrilled me from cover to cover! I would like to see more sword and sorcery tales from Wally Wood. "War of the Wizards" is one of the best stories I have ever seen and the hero Torin has tremendous potential. Wood draws (and writes) the way R. E. Howard wrote. But too much of the same spoils interest so, I think the combination of horror, s-f and sword and sorcery as used in Vampirella #10 is best.

Another one of your regular artists who I never seem to get enough of is Tom Sutton. His flowery style is almost as fascinating as Wood's straight line technique. I missed his

third Vampirella story but I suppose it is scheduled for a future issue. Your artists seem to get most of the honors but I think the hardest job is that of the writers. To create a strong and original story regularly must be an inhuman task and I find that—just to name a few, Buddy Saunders, Steve Skeates and Denny O'Neill—do great work. Thanks very much for listening.

PETER JOB
Utrecht, Holland

Thank you, Peter. Your supposed right. My third installment by Tom Sutton appeared last issue. Hope you've seen it by now as this issue has the fourth chapter. You're sweet to write me all the way from Holland.

Sometime ago when Vampirella first came out, I wasn't too sure that it would be good. I bought the first 3 issues and decided that it was okay, but not worth buying again. However, at the advice of a friend, I picked up Vampirella #9. It was very good. Happy to see that Vampirella was improving greatly, I bought #10. It was good, but not great. "Fiends in the Night" was a nice story with a nice ending and the art was good. However, it was followed by "The Marriage" which had a nice angle but was a lousy story. "Eye of Newt, Toe of Frog" was a great story. "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell" was... well... Let's just say that Denny O'Neill writes better comics than this. The story wasn't that good. "War of the Wizards" looked like another routine sword and sorcery story but it was nicely done with a nice ending. "A Thing of Beauty" was a fantastic story. It's nice to see a cover on a magazine that has something to do with an inside story. "Regeneration Gap" was okay but the story angle was used in Creepy #38. The story was "The Cosmic Ail." Get Frazetta to do some more covers and possibly some inside work and bring back Reed Crandall. Keep up the good work.

D. C. VIRRILL, JR.
Hastings-on-Hudson
New York

#13...A REAL WITCH!

Did you know that contestant #13 of the Miss Vampire Contest at Palisades, N.J. is a WITCH? I read an article about her in a national magazine, explaining the ways of the old religion. (Incidentally, she goes by the name of Witch Hazel.) The other reason for this letter though, is to express my appraisal for your magazine (Vampirella) in its research of occultism. There is one thing however, I would like to clear up for you (if you didn't know already) and that is: Satanism is not of WITCH-CRAFT. It's just a branch of it like Erutanism (the opposite



After too many mediocre issues, Vampirella appears to be on the upswing. Issue #10 bears this out.

I always demand an impressive cover; Hughes did an excellent job on this one. Well drawn and rendered. More by Mr. Hughes, please.

"Vampire's Feary Tales": Okay script and punchy Graham art.

"Fiends In The Night" was enjoyable and was helped by a good performance by Sutton. The premise of the pages of a book freezing solid is a bit dubious, however.



A scene from "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell" as illustrated by Neal Adams and Steve Englehart. This script, written by Denny O'Neil, received rave reviews from our readers. Limited space prevented us from printing the hundred or more comments.

I was pleased to see Web of Horror alumnus Ralph Reese handle the art chores on "The Marriage". Skeates turned in an interesting variation on the Man vs. Machine theme. The thought of being physically attached to a machine is horrible!

Until "Eye of Newt, Toe of Frog", I had been a bit skeptical of Frank Brunner's artistic talents. I may now report that all such doubts have vanished. Frank turned in an effective, stylized piece. Good ending and a great last line.

"The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell" was refreshing in that we were introduced to a novel villainess heroine. While Kija was not a succubus in the true sense, she was enough of a change from the all-too-familiar vampire to be welcome. Exceptional art, but then, that's to be expected from Neal Adams.

Little can be added in the way of praise for Wally Wood's artistry. His work for Warren has pleased me and I hope it pleases him as well. Wally's regard for the female figure

was well represented in "War of the Wizards". Although I'm not especially taken with Wally's interest in sword & sorcery, an s & s Wood story is better than no Wood story. If it can be squeezed out of him, I'd love to see more work by this amazing fellow.

"A Thing of Beauty" was nicely done. Although I've seen better art by Graham, this was quite good. We all respond to a story like this since we can all identify with the poor little guy who gets kicked in the teeth. Wein gave us the pleasure of seeing Mark Groucho (Hmmm) get his revenge and also included a deadly swipe at Hollywood tactics. A commendable job all around.

"Regeneration Gap" featured respectable art by Sutton that was especially good on the prologue page. Scripter McNaughton may not be too far off in his interpretation of Earth's future.

All considered, Vampiella #10 was an honest effort, certainly worth 60c. Do continue such work.

DAVE HOGAN
Mentor, Ohio

WARREN MAGAZINES are a welcome relief to the marines in Viet Nam!

Speaking for myself and all the Marines in my detachment your magazines are a welcome relief from the boredom of war. Here at LZ Blady we rarely see new magazines, unless someone subscribes to them.

Fortunately for us, I subscribe to yours. At first, my companions scoffed at me for buying (please excuse the expression) a comic book. After your issues came, however, I hardly got a chance to read them at all. They were constantly borrowed by friends.

Needless to say, most of them are now converts. They believe in you, as I do.

Your cover art to date has been beautiful. However, I would like to see more work by Mr. Frazetta. Also, I would like to see a story or two about that beautiful blonde, Oraculina.

By the way, if you're ever out this way, drop by. I assure you, you'll receive quite a welcome.

SGT. K. W. CALDWELL
5th Marines
1st Marine Div.
FPO San Francisco, Calif.



Thank you, Sgt. Caldwell, for your heart-warming letter. It pleases me very much to know that my magazine can comfort as well as entertain the soldiers at LZ Beldy and other outposts. Perhaps I'll be flying out your way soon. Also thanks for the sexy drawing of me you sent along with your letter. Unfortunately, we couldn't print it because it was in pencil. Try drawing another, in ink next time.

Congratulations!

On your tenth anniversary, that is. And what an anniversary it was! All your mags have been great, but this was too much! What a lineup! Adams, O'Neil, Conway, Graham, Sutton, . . .

Of course, the Adams/O'Neil story was tops, followed by the Graham/Wein one.

See ya in two months.
ERIC SHRATTER
Huntsville, Alabama



Thanks for your letter, Eric. I hope we continue to please you.

I am about to say the most wonderful words that I have ever uttered; I have just read Vampiella #9, an issue that will live forever as the first of masterpieces. You must verily be psychic. That issue was the exact core of my ideas upon what your magazine should be. That was the most beautifully composed cover I have ever seen. Ah, and the artists! Almost ALL new! Wallace Wood, (one of the master of the Golden Age of Comics) Ken Barri Barry Smith! Alec Jusitic! Unbelievable! Fantastic! Wow! I was rather leery about sending in for a subscription before, but now I shall as soon as I possibly can, in order to keep from missing any further great issues! I Continue, or if possible, escalate the quality intrinsic in issue #9. Do this, and I predict your readership will bob to several times its present rate. Again, for the magnificent, incomparable collection of stories and artwork. THANK YOU. THANK YOU, AND THANK YOU!

GARY LEE INSLEY
Springfield, Ohio

THE NEW SERIES OF CONTRIBUTIONS BY THE FEMALE

LISTEN TO YOUR BODY.

If something's going wrong, it'll tell you.

1. Change in breast or bladder habits.
2. A sore that does not heal.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Thickening or lump, redness or soreness.
5. Enlargement or swelling of the breasts.
6. Other signs of change in your body.
7. Nodding, cough or hoarseness.

If you have a warning signal, see your doctor. If it's a breast lump, he'll tell you. If it's a sore, you can get it checked out early. Don't be afraid. Don't be alone. Don't be late. Don't be late.

American Cancer Society

THE TELEPHONE TERROR!

In Vampiella #10, Vampi's Flames, "The Telephone Terror" (Susan Cookley) was real neat. I also think it would be neat if you wrote a story based on "The Telephone Terror" with art. That would be spine-tling.

STACY JOHNSON
Medford, Oregon

Watch for exciting news concerning past contributions sent in by you fans out there. Plus, an upcoming 'official contest' for you readers of Creepy, Eerie and Vampiella.

WRITE ON!

Keep those letters coming right on into

SCARLET LETTERS

c/o Warren Publishing
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

Every letter is carefully read and as many as possible are printed in each issue! So . . .
WRITE ON, fans . . .
WRITE ON!

FOG ROLLS AMONG THE JUTTING SLABS OF GRANITE AND MARBLE, A GHOSTLY BLANKET COVERING THIS RESTING PLACE OF THE DEAD, AND OF ONE WHO STILL **LIVES**, ONE WHO HAS BEEN WOUNDED AND PURSUED LONG PAST EXHAUSTION, DRIVEN TO SEEK SANCTUARY IN PLACES SUCH AS THIS, PLACES MOST MEN **SHUN** BY NIGHT, FOR THIS IS ONE **STRANGE** TO THE WORLD SHE WANDERS, ALIEN AND ALONE AMONG A PEOPLE NOT HER OWN, FOR THIS IS...

VAMPIRELLA



ART BY JOSE GONZALES/STORY BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

AND OUT OF THE FOG TWO MORE
COME, TWO MORE OF THE LIVING
INTRUDING UPON THE RESTING
DEAD...



JOE DON,
I'M FLAT TELLIN'
YOU MAN... I'M
SCARED! W.W.
WADE'S JEST GOTTA BE
THE RICHEST, MOST
POWERFUL MAN IN
THE STATE!



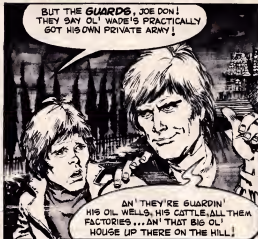
AN' THAT'S
EXACTLY WHY IT'S
GONNA BE A CINCH, BILLY
BOY! EVERYONE FIGGERS
NOBODY'D DARE PULL
ANYTHIN' ON HIS
PLACE...



... 'SPECIALLY
NOTHIN' LIKE ROBBIN'
ONE OF THE WADE
FAMILY CRYPTS!



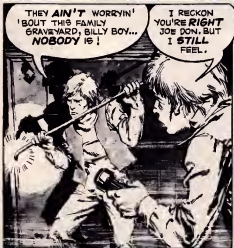
BUT THE **GUARDS**, JOE DON!
THEY SAY OL' WADE'S PRACTICALLY
GOT HIS OWN PRIVATE ARMY!



AN' THEY'RE GUARDIN'
HIS OIL WELLS, HIS CATTLE, ALL THEM
FABRIQUES ... AN' THAT BIG OL'
HOUSE UP THERE ON THE HILL!

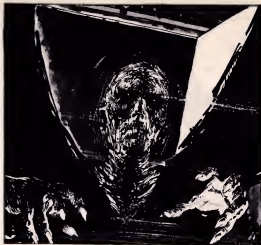
THEY **AIN'T** WORRYIN'
'BOUT THIS FAMILY
GRAVEYARD, BILLY BOY...
NOBODY IS!

I RECKON
YOU'RE **RIGHT**
JOE DON. BUT
I **STILL**
FEEL.



**OH. MY
LORDY!**



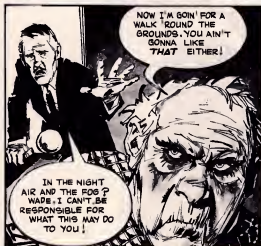
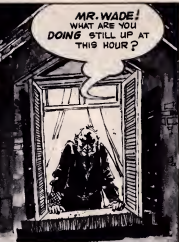


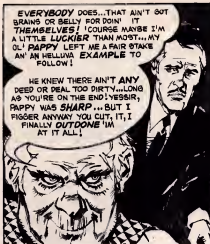


HIS NAME IN THIS PARTICULAR EXISTENCE IS **SKAAR!** HE IS A LESSER DEMON. HE GOES UNMENTIONED IN THAT BIBLE OF BLOOD, THE "CRIMSON CHRONICLES", HANDBOOK OF THOSE WHO WORSHIP THE MAD, BANNISHED GOD, **CHAOS**, FOR LESSER DEMONS ARE MANY. YET POWER FROM THE SEVEN GREAT DEMON SERVANTS OF THE MAD GOD FLOWS IN LARGE MEASURE WITHIN THESE SO-CALLED LESSER BEINGS; POWER TO BE UTILIZED BY CERTAIN **HUMANS** WHO BARGAIN AND BIND THEM INTO THEIR SERVICE. HIS NAME IS **SKAAR**, BUT THIS NIGHT, AS ON MANY ANOTHER, HE MIGHT BETTER BE CALLED...

DEATH'S DARK ANGEL

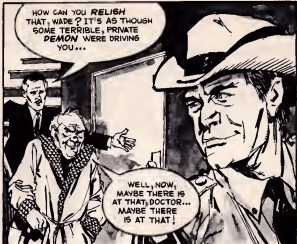






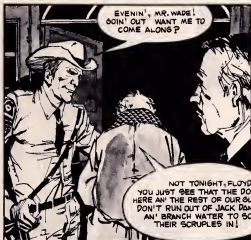
EVERYBODY DOES...THAT AIN'T GOT BRAINS OR BELLY FOR DOIN' IT THEMSELVES! 'COURSE MAYBE I'M A LITTLE LUCKIER THAN MOST...MY OL' PAPPY LEFT ME A FAIR STAKE AN' AN HELLUNA EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW!

WE KNEW THERE AIN'T ANY DEED OR DEAL TOO DIRTY...LONG AS YOU'RE ON THE END! YESSIR, PAPPY WAS SHARP...BUT I FIGGER ANYWAY YOU CUT, IT, I FINALLY OUTDONE 'IM AT IT ALL!



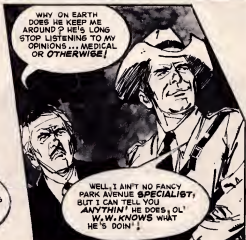
HOW CAN YOU RELISH THAT, WADE? IT'S AS THOUGH SOME TERRIBLE, PRIVATE DEMON WERE DRIVING YOU...

WELL, NOW, MAYBE THERE IS AT THAT, DOCTOR... MAYBE THERE IS AT THAT!



EVENIN', MR. WADE! GOIN' OUT? WANT ME TO COME ALONG?

NOT TONIGHT, FLOYD. YOU JUST SEE THAT THE DOC HERE AN' THE REST OF OUR GUESTS DON'T RUN OUT OF JACK DANIELS AN' BRANCH WATER TO SOAK THEIR SCRUPLES IN!



WHY ON EARTH DOES HE KEEP ME AROUND? HE'S LONG STOP LISTENING TO MY OPINIONS...MEDICAL OR OTHERWISE!

WELL, I AIN'T NO FANCY PARK AVENUE SPECIALIST, BUT I CAN TELL YOU ANYTHIN' HE DOES, OL' W.W. KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'!



DOES HE? THEN HOW CAN HE SURROUND HIMSELF WITH PACKS OF CHARLATONS AND PHONIES? HE'S SO AFRAID OF DYING HE'LL LISTEN TO ANY CRACKPOT WITH A THEORY FOR PROLONGING LIFE OR CHEATING DEATH!

YET IF W.W. WADE KNOWS SUCH FEAR IT IS CAREFULLY CONTROLLED AS HIS WALK TAKES HIM DIRECTLY TO THE FAMILY BURIAL GROUND...


AND SUDDENLY A VOICE WHISPER FROM THE GRAVEYARD DARK, LIKE THE SOUND OF SERPENTS HISSING...



ALL RIGHT -
I KNOW YOU
CAN HEAR ME! COME
OUT, DAMN YOU.
I WANT TO
TALK!




YEARS OF
HAVING ME AT YOUR
COMMAND HAVE MADE
YOU ARROGANT, MR.
WADE. A LUXURY YOU
HAVEN'T LONG TO
ENJOY.

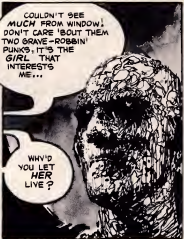


WHEN DEATH COMES TO
YOU, I'LL TRAVEL IN HIS
SHADOW... TO CLAIM YOUR
SOUL FOR MYSELF AND
CHAOS!

THAT'S THE
BARGAIN
RIGHT ENOUGH...

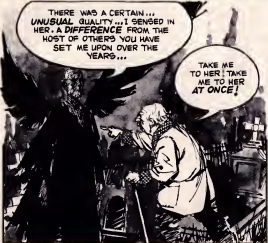


...BUT I AIN'T DONE
KICKIN' AROUND ON THIS
EARTH YET! AN' LONG AS
I DO, YOU'RE STILL
JUMPIN' THROUGH MY
HOOP! WHAT WENT ON
OUT HERE TONIGHT?



COULDN'T SEE
MUCH FROM WINDOW!
DON'T CARE 'BOUT THEM
TWO GRAVE-ROBBIN'
PUNKS, IT'S THE
GIRL THAT
INTERESTS
ME...

WHY'D
YOU LET
HER
LIVE?



THERE WAS A CERTAIN...
UNUSUAL QUALITY... I SENSED IN
HER. A DIFFERENCE FROM THE
HOST OF OTHERS YOU HAVE
SET ME UPON OVER THE
YEARS...

TAKE ME
TO HER! TAKE
ME TO HER
AT ONCE!

HOURS PASS, THEN WADE MANSION FEELS THE EXPLOSIVE REAPPEARANCE OF THE DOOMED AND DYING MAN WHO OWNS IT...



FLOYD! GET 'EM OUT GET THIS
HERD OF KNO-THEADED FAKES OUT
OF HERE!

THEN I WANT YOU TO GET
HOLD OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE
AN' THE
HIGHWAY
PATROL!

ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER FOG, BINDS THE ROLLING LAND, A RENTED CAR MOVES ALONG THE STRAIGHT, UNENDING HIGHWAY...

WE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS LONG AGO, ADAM, CIRCULATING THE GIRL'S DESCRIPTION TO LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES HAS BROUGHT SOME PROMISING LEADS!

IT ALSO MEANS SHE'S BEEN **RELENTLESSLY** HOUNDED, DAD...

...AND YET SINCE OUR LAST ENCOUNTER I'VE MORE DOUBTS THAN EVER THAT SHE'S THE BLOOD-LUSTING MONSTER WE ORIGINALLY THOUGHT!

YOU'RE YOUNG, ADAM, AND SHE'S BEAUTIFUL. TWO POWERFUL COMPONENTS FOR SELF-DECEPTION...

MY OWN **PSYCHIC VISION** HASN'T BEEN WRONG IN THE PAST, SON, AND THE **EMANATIONS** FROM THIS GIRL ARE...

UH-UH, DAD! WHATEVER THE TRUTH ABOUT HER, THAT PSYCHIC POWER APPARENTLY DOESN'T COME THROUGH AGAINST **SPEED TRAPS!**

DON'T FRET, GENTS! I'M FROM THE WADE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE...Y'ALL ARE ADAM AN' CONRAD **VAN HELSING**, RIGHT? GOT A DESCRIPTION OF YOUR CAR FROM THE RENTAL AGENCY...

VERY IMPORTANT MAN HAS A BEE IN HIS BONNET TO **SEE YOU!** MISTER W.W. WADE **HIMSELF!**

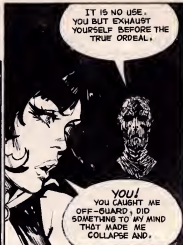
I'VE **MET** MR. WADE IN THE PAST. EVEN IF I COULD **TOLERATE** THE FACIST-STYLE POLITICS HE UNDERWRITES, OR THE SLANDEROUS, HATE-MONGERING PUBLISHING EMPIRE HE BACKS, MR. WADE MANAGES TO BE SO **PERSONALLY** DESPICABLE I'D NEVER REPEAT THE EXPERIENCE!

WE'LL Y'ALL ARE ENTITLED TO YOUR **OPINION...**

...BUT IN **THIS** PART OF THE COUNTRY, WHEN W.W. WADE WANTS SOMETHIN' WE SEE HE **GETS** IT!

BOY HOWDY, ON TOP O' **SPEEDIN'** AND **DRUNK DRIVIN'** HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID AS TO **RESIST ARREST?!**

IN THE DARKNESS, VAMPIRELLA STRAINS AND STRUGGLES AGAINST THE CHAINS BINDING HER, KNOWING AS LONG AS SHE IS BOUND IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO USE THE POWERS THAT COULD TRANSFORM HER INTO BAT-FORM, KNOWING WITH EACH PASSING MOMENT OF BONDAGE A TERRIBLE NEED-A HUNGER-GROWS FIERCELY WITHIN HER...



IT IS NO USE, YOU BUT EXHAUST YOURSELF BEFORE THE TRUE ORDEAL.

YOU!
YOU CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD, DID SOMETHING TO MY MIND THAT MADE ME COLLAPSE AND.



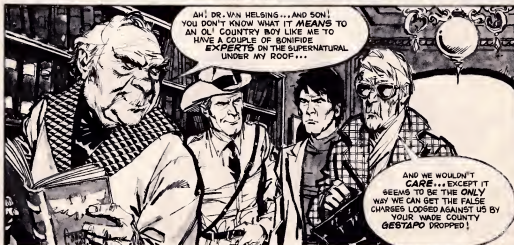
THE SERUM VIAL! WHO SMASHED IT?! IF I DON'T HAVE A FULL DOSAGE EVERY 24 HOURS I REVERT BACK TO FEEDING ON...ON...

WADE SUSPECTED AS MUCH WHEN HE FOUND IT ON YOU. IT WAS HE WHO SMASHED IT UNDERFOOT...



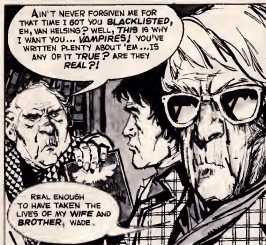
WADE! THAT DISGUSTING, OLD MAN...! HE HAD YOU BRING ME HERE, CHAIN ME! WHY IS HE DOING THIS? WHAT DOES HE WANT!

I ONLY HAVE MY SUSPICIONS. WE MUST WAIT, THE TWO OF US. IT WILL NOT BE LONG...



AH! DR. VAN HELSING...AND SON! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO AN OL' COUNTRY BOY LIKE ME TO HAVE A COUPLE OF BONIFIDE EXPERTS ON THE SUPERNATURAL UNDER MY ROOF...

AND WE WOULDN'T CARE...EXCEPT IT SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GET THE FALSE CHARGES LODGED AGAINST US BY YOUR WADE COUNTRY GESTAPO DROPPED!





WHAT THE DEVIL
IS THE **PURPOSE**
OF A PLACE LIKE
THIS, WADE?

STARTED OUT
AS A **BOMB**
SHELTER, THEN I
FOUND OUT IT WAS SORTA
HANDY FOR... **PARTIES**,
YOU MIGHT CALL 'EM!
LITTLE GET-TOGETHERS
YOU WOULDN'T WANT
EVERYONE
TO KNOW 'BOUT...

DON'T DO TOO
MUCH OF THAT NOW
THAT I'M GETTIN'
ON, BUT THE
PLACE **STILL**
HAS IT'S
USES...



... **SEE FOR**
YOURSELVES!

AN' WHILE
YOU'RE LOOKIN',
I'LL TAKE THE LAST
BIT O' **EXPERT**
ADVISE I NEED FROM
YOU TWO...
IS THIS A REAL
VAMPIRE?!



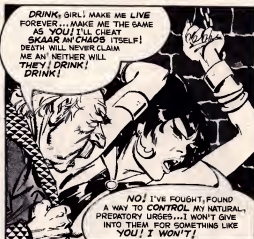
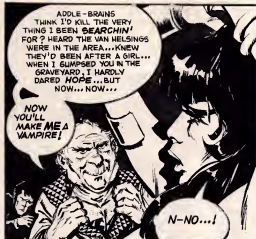
D-DAD...!
IT'S THE GIRL
WE'VE-

I KNOW, ADAM!
I CAN FEEL THE
PSYCHIC EMANATIONS
POUNDING MY MIND IN
WAVES...!



SHE'S THE
ONE WHO KILLED
MY BROTHER!!
DRAINED HIM OF HIS
LIFE - BLOOD
WHILE THEY WERE
ON THE SAME
PLANE FLIGHT!

SHE MUST
DIE!





BUT HE'S RIGHT ABOUT THE HUNGER... THE **NEED** GROWING WITHIN ME! WITHOUT MY SERUM TO CONTROL IT, I MUST HAVE **BLOOD!** AND TO SEE IT, SMELL IT, POURING FROM YOUR WOUND...

W-WHAT...? FEEL SO DAMN WEAK... GOT TO SEE HOW DAD IS...

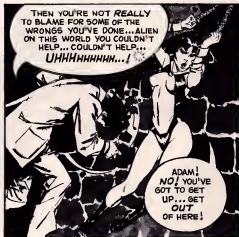


LISTEN... PLEASE! I REMEMBER YOU, APPRECIATE THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME, BUT DIDN'T...! BUT YOU AND YOUR FATHER MUST GET **OUT** OF HERE... **SAVE YOURSELVES!** I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR MY BEHAVIOR MUCH LONGER...

YOU DON'T SOUND LIKE ANY VAMPIRE I EVER ENCOUNTERED... **ARE YOU ONE...?** DID YOU KILL MY UNCLE...?

*SEE **VAMPI** # 11 "CARNIVAL OF THE DAMNED!"

AND VAMPIRELLA SPEAKS SOFTLY, HURRIEDLY, TO ADAM VAN HELSING OF **DRAKULON**, HER HOME WORLD WHERE BLOOD IS THE LIFE AS FOOD AND WATER ARE TO EARTH; OF BEING A **HUNTRESS** AMONG MANKIND UNTIL LOVE FROM A MAN, AND THE SERUM HE INVENTED, MADE HER AN ALLY IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF **CHAOS...**



THEN YOU'RE NOT REALLY TO BLAME FOR SOME OF THE WRONGS YOU'VE DONE... **ALIEN** ON THIS WORLD YOU COULDN'T HELP... COULDN'T HELP...

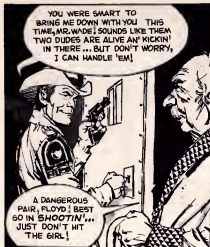
UHHHHHHHHH...!

ADAM! **NO!** YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP... GET **OUT** OF HERE!

BUT ADAM VAN HELSING LIES STILL. TIME PASSES. TIME THAT INFLAMES VAMPIRELLA, DRIVES HER TO DRAW ON UNTAPPED WELLS OF ALIEN-BORN STRENGTH AND PROWESS, WHIPS HER INTO A FRENZY... A **BLOODLUST**... THAT CAN ONLY END WITH...







YOU WERE SMART TO
BRING ME DOWN WITH YOU THIS
TIME, MR. WADE! SOUNDS LIKE THEM
TWO DUDES ARE ALIVE AN' KICKIN'
IN THERE... BUT DON'T WORRY,
I CAN HANDLE 'EM!

A DANGEROUS
PAIR, FLOYD! BEST
GO IN SHOOTIN'...
JUST DON'T HIT
THE GIRL!



CHUK!

FLOYD! WHAT-?!



ADAM!
I THINK I
GOT HER!

SILENTLY VAMPIRELLA MOVES AWAY FROM
CONRAD VAN HELSING, GESTURING HIS SON
TOWARD THE OPEN DOOR AS THEY EXCHANGE
HOARSE WHISPERS...



YOU'VE GOT TO COME WHIT
US...! SOMEHOW I'LL EXPLAIN
TO DAD, MAKE HIM
UNDERSTAND...

NOT WHILE
I'M LIKE THIS!
I WAS ABLE TO
FIGHT BACK THE
URGE ONCE...
I WON'T BE
ABLE TO
AGAIN!



ADAM, WHAT'S
HAPPENING? DID I
HEAR YOU WHISPERING?
WHO...?

DAD... WOUND'S WEAKENING
ME MORE ALL THE TIME...
LET'S JUST GET OUT...
FAST...!

I MUSN'T
GO AFTER THEM
...I MUSN'T!
MUSN'T!



AND A WOUNDED MAN, ANXIOUSLY MOVING HIMSELF
AND THE FATHER HE LEADS FROM **ONE** BIZARRE YET
WINENT DANGER...

... OVERLOOKS **ANOTHER** FAR MORE
DEADLY!

SKAAR! THERE ARE
TWO THAT NEED
DESTROYIN'! I
COMMAND YOU...**DO IT!**
DO IT NOW!

AN' WHILE YOU'RE
DOIN' **THAT** DEED, I'LL
BE INSURIN' YOU'LL BE
MINE TO COMMAND
FOR **ETERNITY!**
WAH! OL' PAPPY'D BE
GREEN IF HE KNEW
THE WAY HIS LITTLE
BOY'S **OUTDONE**
'IM!



AND OUTSIDE THE WADE MANSION, DOOM COMES SWIFTLY
ON SILENT BLACK WINGS OF SHADOW...



THE
NIGHT AIR,
ADAM. HOW
GOOD TO FEEL
THE NIGHT
AIR...

WE SHOULD
BE... SAFE NOW,
DAD...

WHILE IN THE DARK, SECRET
CELLARS BELOW...

I'VE WAITED LONG
ENOUGH... STRENGTH
OF BLOODLUST IS
FADING...! OR IS IT TOO
LONG... **FATALLY**
LONG? WEAK...
CAN'T MAKE
TRANSFORMATION
TO BAT... BARELY
MOVE...



THEN OL' W.W.'S
TIMIN' IS JUST ABOUT
PERFECT, ISN'T
IT, SWEETHEART?





GOT TO KEEP
MOVING, DAD... NEED
A DOCTOR FOR THIS
SHOULDER AND...

ADAM!
SOMETHING
IN MY PSYCHIC
VISION...
SEARING...
INTENSE...



DANGER!



STAY AWAY, OLD
MAN... LEAVE ME
ALONE...

OL' W.W.
'LL DO JUST
THAT GIRL...
AFTER
YOU MAKE ME
A VAMPIRE!



RATHER DIE THAN
HELP SOMETHING LIKE
YOU...

YOU ARE WHAT
YOU ARE, GIRL! AN'
YOU'LL GIVE IN TO
THEM URGES
WITHIN YOU...



YOU'LL GIVE IN TO
LIFE, GIRL... AND MAKE
ME **IMMORTAL!**
BITE!

N-NO...





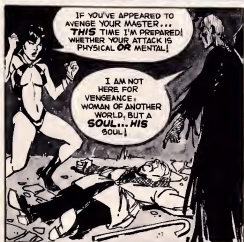
COME ON, DEMON!
THROUGH THE YEARS VAN
HELINGS HAVE BATTLED
YOUR KIND; WE'LL
DIE FIGHTING
YOU NOW!

D-DAD...
IT'S...



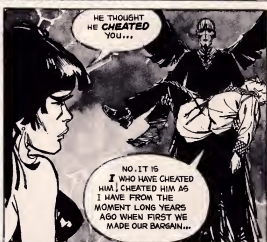
...GONE
WE'RE SAFE
NOW! IT'S
GONE!

BUT
WHERE,
ADAM?
WHERE...



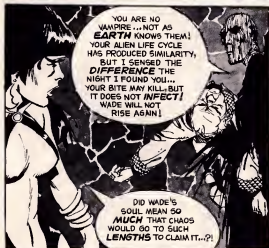
IF YOU'VE APPEARED TO
AVENGE YOUR MASTER...
THIS TIME I'M PREPARED!
WHETHER YOUR ATTACK IS
PHYSICAL OR MENTAL!

I AM NOT
HERE FOR
VENGEANCE,
WOMAN OF ANOTHER
WORLD, BUT A
SOUL... HIS
SOUL!



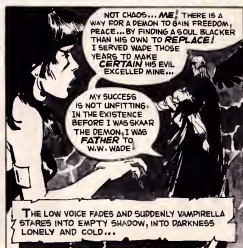
HE THOUGHT
HE **CHEATED**
YOU...

NO, IT IS
I WHO HAVE CHEATED
HIM; CHEATED HIM AS
I HAVE FROM THE
MOMENT LONG YEARS
AGO WHEN FIRST WE
MADE OUR BARGAIN...



YOU ARE NO
VAMPIRE... NOT AS
EARTH KNOWS THEM!
YOUR ALIEN LIFE CYCLE
HAS PRODUCED SIMILARITY,
BUT I SENGED THE
DIFFERENCE THE
NIGHT I FOUND YOU...
YOUR BITE MAY KILL, BUT
IT DOES NOT **INFECT!**
WADE WILL NOT
RISE AGAIN!

DID WADE'S
SOUL MEAN SO
MUCH THAT CHAOS
WOULD GO TO SUCH
LENGTHS TO CLAIM IT...?

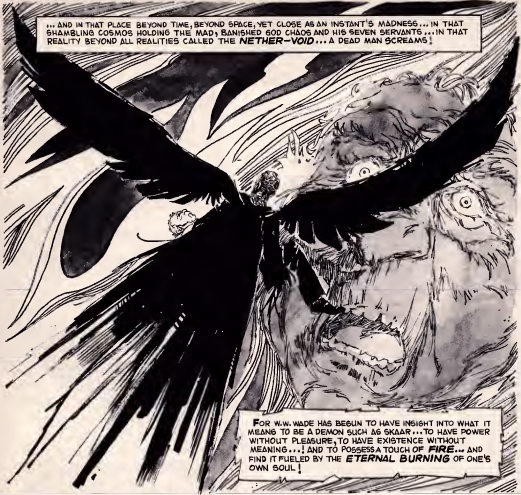


NOT CHAOS... **ME!** THERE IS A
WAY FOR A DEMON TO GAIN FREEDOM,
PEACE... BY FINDING A SOUL **BLACKER**
THAN HIS OWN TO **REPLACE!**
I SERVED WADE THOSE
YEARS TO MAKE
CERTAIN HIS EVIL
EXCELLED MINE...

MY SUCCESS
IS NOT UNFITTING.
IN THE EXISTENCE
BEFORE I WAS **SKAAR**
THE DEMON, I WAS
FATHER TO
W.W. WADE!

THE LOW VOICE FADES AND SUDDENLY VAMPIRELLA
STARES INTO EMPTY SHADOW, INTO DARKNESS
LONELY AND COLD...

... AND IN THAT PLACE BEYOND TIME, BEYOND SPACE, YET CLOSE AS AN INSTANT'S MADNESS... IN THAT SHAMBLING COSMOS HOLDING THE MAD, BANISHED GOD CHAOS AND HIS SEVEN SERVANTS... IN THAT REALITY BEYOND ALL REALITIES CALLED THE **NETHER-VOID**... A DEAD MAN SCREAMS!



FOR W.W. WADE HAS BEGUN TO HAVE INSIGHT INTO WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A DEMON SUCH AS SKAAR... TO HAVE POWER WITHOUT PLEASURE, TO HAVE EXISTENCE WITHOUT MEANING...! AND TO POSSESS A TOUCH OF **FIRE**... AND FIND IT FUELED BY THE **ETERNAL BURNING** OF ONE'S OWN SOUL!

EPILOGUE: IN THE NOW DESERTED WADE MANSION, VAMPIRELLA MAKES HER WAY UP FROM THE CELLAR BLACKNESS AND THROWS OPEN SHUTTERS TO THE RETREATING NIGHT...



... THE GROUNDS BELOW ARE EMPTY. ADAM AND CONRAD VAN HELSING HAVE GONE THAT THEY WILL RETURN SHE IS SURE; BUT IF IT WILL BE AS HUNTERS OR ALLIES SHE CANNOT SAY...



SHE CAN ONLY FLY, TRANSFORMED, TOWARD THE THIN LINE OF LIGHT ON THE HORIZON THAT WILL BECOME THE NEW DAY... AND WONDER WHAT THAT DAY HOLDS FOR A WANDERER FROM DISTANT DRAKULON!



AMAZONIA

AND... THE EYE OF OZIRIOS!

FOR MANY AGES IT HAS BROODED OUT ACROSS THE COURT YARD OF DREAD CASTLE GRIMKLAG, NO MAN KNOWS WHO CARVED IT IN THE STONE, NOR WHY IT WAS PLACED IN THIS REMOTE CORNER OF THE KINGDOM OF KARKASSONE. YET WHEN RICH CARAVANS AND DUTY TRAVELLERS WERE ROBBED AND SLAIN BY A ROBBER BARON NAMED THROKKLON, YOUNG QUEEN AMAZONIA OF KARKASSONE DONS HER MAGIC SWORD EXCALIBUR AND SETS OUT TO PROBE THE STRANGE SECRET OF HER MOST PERILOUS MISSION...

THIS IS THE ROAD TO GRIMKLAG CASTLE, DOTTED WITH THE SKELETONS OF MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE COME THIS WAY... ONLY TO FALL INTO THE CRUEL CLUTCHES OF DREAD THROKKLON, SURNAMED THE TERRIBLE.

THROKKLON THE TERRIBLE GLOATS OVER EVERY WOMAN CAPTURED, EVERY COPPER PENCE TAKEN TO SWELL HIS COFFERS. HE HAS NO PITY, NO MERCY. SOME EVEN SAY THAT... HE HAS NO HEART!

INTO THE YARD WITH 'EM! WE KEEP THE GIRLS, THE MEN YOU'LL KILL / AND PUT THE LOOT WHERE WE ALWAYS PUT IT... WHERE NONE BUT US CAN EVER SEE IT AGAIN!

THE GATES OF GRIMKLAG CLANG SHUT! NEVER AGAIN WILL HUMAN EYES SEE THE PITIFUL MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE JUST ENTERED ITS AWESOME CONFINES...

HOURS LATER IN KARKASSONE CITY, AN EXHAUSTED MAN POURS OUT A FEARFUL TALE... EVEN AS HIS LIFE BLOOD DRIPS... DRIPS... DRIPS TO THE FLOOR BEFORE THE THRONE OF YOUNG QUEEN AMAZONIA...

I SAW... THROKKLON'S FACE... JUST BEFORE THE GATES CLANG CLOSED ON ME.

HELP THAT MAN... REWARD HIM! AND DAMNATION ON THROKKLON! ALWAYS HE STRIKES AND RUNS, AND NOBODY DARES TO FOLLOW TO HIS CASTLE!

THEONIDES THE COURT MAGICIAN OFFERS GRAVE COUNSEL TO THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN...

YOU ARE WISE, OH QUEEN. NO ARMY CAN STORM THOSE GRAGGY HEIGHTS! THROKKLON MIGHT AS WELL BE ON THE MOON!

AYE, MAGE! AN ARMY WOULD FALL BUT ONE LONE WOMAN MIGHT SUCCEED!

MY LADY QUEEN, I ADVISE CAUTION!

TO THE DEVIL WITH CAUTION! THEONIDES! I AM QUEEN OF KARKASSONE!

IN THE SMALL ARMORY ADJACENT TO HER BEDROOM, AMAZONIA YANKS DOWN THE MAGIC SWORD, EXCALIFER...

MY PEOPLE DIE! THROKKLON STEALS AND ROBS WITHOUT PUNISHMENT! BY THE BLADE OF EXCALIFER... I'LL NOT ENDURE IT! I'LL STOP HIM...OR DIE!

AS THE SUN THROWS LONG SHADOWS ACROSS THE DUSTY ROADS OF KARKASSONE, ITS QUEEN RIDES IN MAIL SHIRT AND HELMET TOWARD CASTLE GRIMKRAO...

IT GROWS COLDER... COLDER! AS THOUGH DEMONS RAN BESIDE ME... TO GUARD THE APPROACHES TO THROKKLON'S LAIR!

IN THE FIRST FAINT HUSH OF EVENTIDE, SHE COMES AT LAST TO THE BARRED GATES OF GRIMKRAO CASTLE...

TANIT KEEP ME IN THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND!

THERE IS NO HAIL... NO WARNING CRY... ONLY THE SILENCE OF THE GRAVE AS HER HAND PUSHES AT THOSE BARRED GATES AND SEND THEM CRASHING DOWN! HER FOOTFALLS SOUND WITH HOLLOW ECHOES ON THE WORN AND EON-OLD COBBLES OF THE INNER YARD...

UNWINKING, THE STONE EYE GLARES DOWN AT THE WARRIOR QUEEN... AS IF BALEFULLY STUDYING HER...

AT LAST... I UNDERSTAND! FOR THAT IS THE FABLED EYE OF DREADOZIRIOS!

HA! HA! HA!

WITH NECROMANTIC SUDDENESS GRIMCRAG CASTLE APPEARS... AND THE BOOMING LAUGHTER OF DREAD THROKKLON EXPLODES IN THE AIR...

HA! HA! NA! HA! GIRL, YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR FACE!

OH! OH! IT'S UNUSUAL WIZARDRY!

MEN LEAP... WHERE BEFORE THERE HAD BEEN NO MEN! MEN CLUTCH AND GRASP... WHERE THERE HAD BEEN DUST SCANT SECONDS AGO...

TAKE HER, ALIVE! I WANT THE PLEASURE OF SEEING HER GO UP... IN FLAMES!

THOSE WORDS ARE AS A GOAD TO THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN! FIERCELY SHE TENSES HER MUSCLES... SHEDS HER ATTACKERS AS A DOG SHEDS WATER...

THE BLUE STEEL BLADE OF THE MAGIC SWORD FLASHES TO LIFE AS IT DRINKS DEEP OF A MAN'S LIFE BLOOD...

FOR KIRKASSONE!

I CAME FOR THIS PURPOSE TO GRIMCRAG CASTLE... AND HERE I MEAN TO SLAY... AND SLAY...

DEATH TO THROKKLON... AND TO HIS MEN!



THE MAID FIGHTS ON... BUT THESE ARE HARDENED CRIMINALS AND SAVAGE FIGHTERS! THEY KNOCK HER BLADE ASIDE...

NOW
TAKE
HER!

LATER...

STRIPPED OF HER MAIL SHIRT, LEFT ONLY RASS TO CLOTHE. HER BODY, THE WARRIOR-QUEEN IS FASTENED TO LONG CHAINS...

AYE AMAZONIA, I SERVE THE DARK GOD GRIM OZIRIOS! WHEN HE CLOSSES THAT MAGICAL EYE OF HIS... WE ARE TRANSPORTED TO HIS DOMAIN IN THE NETHER WORLDS!

BY CHAINS AND MANACLES, AMAZONIA IS SUSPENDED FROM THE CROSS-PIECE OF A SACRIFICIAL STAKE!

AND WHEN HE OPENS THAT EYE... THIS OLD CASTLE IS LIKE NEW AND WE ARE RETURNED HERE TO LOOT AND RAVISH IN HIS NAME!

AS MY MEN PILE TINDER ABOUT YOUR PRETTY FEET, QUEEN AMAZONIA! REGARD THIS FIRE! IT WILL BE BLAZING ALL AROUND YOU... VERY SOON!

AND THEN A VOICE RINGS OUT...

MY LORD THROKKLON! A CARAVAN FROM ZAMARNUND! HEADING THIS WAY...

I GRIEVE FOR THIS INTERRUPTION,
AMAZONIA... BUT DUTY COMES FIRST
WITH ME, AND PLEASURE SECOND./
MY MEN ARE GREEDY FOR THE GOLD
OF ZAMARKOND AND THE RARE
PEARLS OF CISPANGIA.

FOR NOW...
FAREWELL!

THE HOOFBEATS OF THE ROBBERS DIE AWAY,
LEAVING AMAZONIA DANGLING HELPLESS IN
HER CHAINS. AND THEN... THE WIND
SPRINGS UP...

MOTHER TANIT!
NOT THE
WIND!

A SPARK THAT LIFTS FROM THE FIRE, IS BLOWN ABOUT
AS THE WARRIOR QUEEN WATCHES WITH HORRIFIED EYES...

NO!
LET IT FALL
ON THE
FLAGGINGS...

TOO LATE FOR PRAYER!
THE FIRE... STARTS!

MORE AND MORE SPARKS COME
...DARTING AND DIPPING...

MOTHER TANIT!
SAVE ME!

BUT
WAIT!...

...I CAN STAND ON THE
LOGS AND BRANCHES... YET
THIS IS ONLY DELAYING
THE INEVITABLE!

THE BRUSH
GAVE ME ADDED HEIGHT
...ENOUGH SO I CAN
THROW ONE OF THE CHAIN
LOOPS FREE OF THE
CROSS-PIECE!

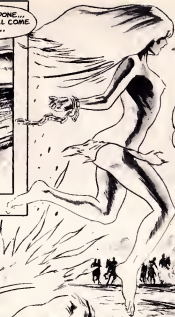


ONCE THAT'S DONE...
THE OTHER WILL COME
OFF EASILY...



I'M FREE!

TO LATE, GIRL!
I'M BACK WITH
ALL MY MEN! YOU
DIE NOW
IN TORMENT!



FOR A MOMENT, AMAZONIA STARES UP AT THE EVIL
EYE OF OZIRIOS...

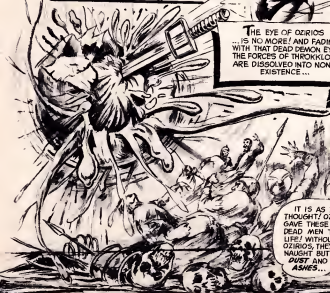
YOU HAVEN'T
WON YET,
DEMON!



BACK GOES HER ARM...
AND FORWARD! STRAIGHT AND
TRUE AS A HUNTING ARROW
FLIES HER SWORD...

THE EYE OF OZIRIOS
...IS NO MORE! AND FADING
WITH THAT DEAD DEMON EYE,
THE FORCES OF THROKKLON
ARE DISSOLVED INTO NON-
EXISTENCE...

ALONE... WEARY... THE YOUNG QUEEN MOVES
ACROSS THE ANCIENT COBBLES...



IT IS AS I
THOUGHT! OZIRIOS
GAVE THESE LONG
DEAD MEN THEIR
LIFE! WITHOUT
OZIRIOS, THEY ARE
NAUGHT BUT
DUST AND
ASHES...

KNOWING THAT
WHILE THIS TASK
IS DONE... THERE
WILL BE OTHERS
WAITING...
TOMORROW OR
THE NEXT DAY,
FOR BEING A
QUEEN IN
KARKASSONE
DOES NOT MAKE
FOR AN EASY
LIFE...



END...

QUEST



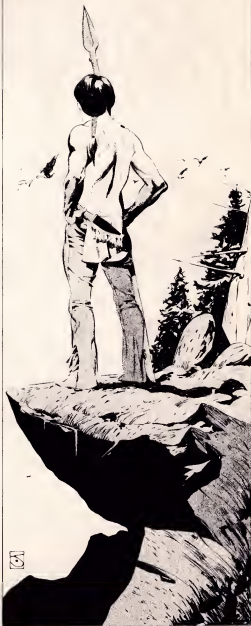
SOMEWHERE IN A LONG WINDING VALLEY A WILD STREAM RACED SOUTHWARD CHOKED WITH RATTLING ICE FROM THE GLACIAL NORTH. THROUGH GRASSY PLAINS DOTTED WITH COPSES AND GROVES OF THE SPREADING FOREST IT MOVED AND MEANDERED, COILING BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN UPON ITSELF, BUT EVER AND ALWAYS MOVING FORWARD. PINES, BIRCHES, WILLOWS AND OAKS STOOD STRAIGHT AGAINST THE LIGHT, COOL SKY OF THE MORNING OF EARLY SPRING, AND STANDING THERE WITH THEM, STILL FOR THE MOMENT, AND STARING, WAS ONE LONE FIGURE.

"IF SHE'S DEAD, I'LL NEVER FIND HER. THE BEASTS ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY, LEAVING ONLY BONE, AND ALL BONES ARE AS ONE."

"THE ENTIRE VILLAGE DESTROYED. ALL DEAD. SAVE HER AND ME. I MUST FIND HER SOON."

THE YOUNG VALLEY LAY STRETCHED TO THE LIGHT TOUCH OF CUMULUS CLOUDS. HIGH LIMESTONE CLIFFS STOOD RIGID ON EITHER SIDE. WINDING DOWN PRECARIOUSLY FROM THE RIM TOWARD THE LIFE GIVING WATER WERE GOAT TRAILS WHERE FROM TIME TO TIME ALL MANNER OF ANIMAL LIFE TRAFFICKED. IT WAS ONE OF THESE THAT THE SINGLE HUMAN FIGURE MADE ITS WAY DOWNWARD.

THE WARMING SUN ROSE HIGHER AND HIGHER, AND THE SHADOWS SHORTENED TOWARD NOON.



ART AND STORY BY JEFF JONES

IN SOME PLACES THERE WERE ALWAYS SHADOWS. SHADOWS WHICH PAID LITTLE HEED TO THE SUN. SHADOWS WHICH MOVED AND THOSE THAT MOVED THE SHADOWS. THE RUSHING WATER WAS CHANGING THE EARTH, MOVING THE OLD AND GIVING BIRTH TO THE NEW. MOVING BORDERS AND MOVING BARRIERS. THE GREAT FOREST ELEPHANTS MOVED THROUGH THE TREES—LUMBERING GIANTS—IGNORING BARRIERS WHICH STOOD AGAINST SMALLER ANIMALS. IT WAS IN THIS PLACE, BESIDE THIS RIVER, AND IN THESE SHADOWS THAT THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG WOMAN STOOD RESTING. WHILE ALL THE WORLD MOVED ABOUT HER—THE WATER, THE ELEPHANTS, AND THE SHADOWS.



THE ATTACK WAS SUDDEN. AT ONCE HER BREATH WAS GONE AND THE HEAVILY MUSCLED BACK OF A HAIRY MAN SLAMMED AGAINST HER STOMACH. HER HEAD SPUN AND REELED WHILE HER LUNGS HEAVED DESPERATELY TO REPLACE THE MISSING AIR. GROPING BLINDLY, HER HAND STOPPED SUDDENLY AGAINST THE COLD REALITY OF A KNIFE BUTT. IT SLIPPED EASILY FROM THE BELT AND INTO THE HAIRY, MUSCLED BACK.



EARLY AFTERNOON WAS AS DUSK WITHIN THE FOREST. THE TREES WERE QUIET, THE BIRDS STILL AS WITH THE PASSING OF SOME GREAT PREDATOR.

"HERE THE SPOOR CONTINUES TOWARD THE RIVER. SHE'S MOVING TOO FAST, OUTDISTANCING CAUTION. AND DANGER EASILY MOVES AHEAD OF CAUTION. I MUST HURRY."

HE HEFTED THE SPEAR, SHOOK THE SWEAT FROM HIS BROW AND MOVED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE RIVER, CHECKING THE BROKEN ENDS OF BRANCHES, FLATTENED GRASS. IN THE SILENCE HE COULD HEAR THE POUNDING OF HIS HEART AND THE RASPING OF HIS BREATH.



THE GREAT ELEPHANTS BOLTED AT THE ATTACK, AND THE GIRL LEAPING TOWARD HER ONE CHANCE OF ESCAPE, GRASPED THE LONG SHAGGY HAIR STREAMING FROM THE ANIMALS, LEAVING HER ATTACKERS HOPELESSLY BEHIND.



THEY DRAGGED HER ACROSS THE SWIRLING, ICY RIVER, HALF DROWNING, HALF THRASHING THE LIFE FROM HER.

THE THICK ELEPHANT HAIR WENT SLIPPERY WITH THE SOAKING AND HER FINGERS NUMB WITH COLD AND STRAINED TO HOLD ON. FINALLY A BATTERING AND BRUISING FROM STONES ON THE BOTTOM TOLD HER IT WAS TIME TO LET GO.



THE LONE WARRIOR STOPPED AT THE RIVER BANK WHERE THE SAVAGE DRAMA HAD BEEN PLAYED.

"BLOOD OVER THERE, BUT NONE HERE WHERE HER FOOTPRINTS LEAD TO THE RIVER, BUT HERE, TOO, IS THE PRINT OF THE ELEPHANT. I MUST HURRY, THE DAY MOVES ON."

OVER THE LAND THE LIGHT WORE ON, UNTIL THE HEAVY BLOATED SUN LAY SHIMMERING ACROSS THE TUNDRA. PROPPED IN THE SHADOW OF A FINGER OF STONE SLUMPED THE EXHAUSTED FIGURE OF THE GIRL. A VEIN HAD EARLIER BURST IN HER NOSE AND NOW THE FLIES BUZZED AND FLITTED ABOUT THE DRIED BLOOD ON HER FACE.

SHE AWOKE TO SOMETHING SENSED AND LYING STILL AGAINST THE ROCK, UNFEELING ALONG HER NUMBED BACK, HER EYES CAUGHT THE GREAT YELLOW REFLECTING ORBES OF A HUNGRY CAT.



HE TOPPED THE HILL IN A FROZEN MOMENT OF TERROR. ALL THAT MOVED IT SEEMED WERE HIS EYES, DARTING FROM CAT TO GIRL TO CAT. IN AN INSTANT HE FELT THE FIRE OF DEFEAT SPREADING THROUGH HIS BODY.



ACTION EXTINGUISHED THE FIRE AND HE SNAPPED
BACK THE SPEAR, TAKING AIM, DEADLY, TRUE...



RIDING ITS PREMEDITATED PATH OF DEATH THE
LONG STRAIGHT SHAFT WHISHED FROM HIS
ARM AND BURIED ITSELF DEEP IN THE STOMACH
OF THE GIRL, THE FLINT POINT CRACKING A
SHOWER OF SPARKS ON THE ROCK BEHIND.



HE LOOKED DOWN UPON HIS REVENGE, KNOWING NOW HIS PEOPLE WOULD BE THE LAST TO DIE BY THE HAND OF A CHANGELING. THE FULL MOON FLOATED TO THE SURFACE OF THE WORLD TAKING THE PLACE OF DAY.



AND IN THE SILENCE THE LAST TRANSFIGURATION...





HERE IT IS—AT LAST!!!

OUR OWN

VAMPIRELLA

PLASTIC HOBBY KIT

FEATURING 16 SNAP-TOGETHER PLASTIC PARTS • 2 PAIRS OF MOVABLE ARMS • 2 PAIRS OF LEGS • SEPARATE BAT • STURDY BASE • PRODUCED BY AURORA • STRAIGHT OUT OF THE PAGES OF VAMPIRELLA MAGAZINE!!

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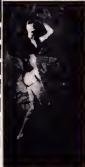
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THE VICTIM



FRANKENSTEIN



DR. DEADLY

ANNUAL WARREN AWARDS AT THE NEW YORK COMICON.....

THE FIRST ANNUAL WARREN AWARDS AT THE 1970 NEW YORK COMICON GO TO CREEPY, EERIE BOOKS! VAMPI POUTS!

A JEALOUS VAMPIRELLA VOWS REVENGE IN 1971!

Frank Frazetta and Neal Adams were surrounded. The occasion: the annual Warren Awards, a highlight of the 1970 New York City Comic Art Convention.

Gathered together on the stage of the main convention room on the 18th floor of the Statler Hilton hotel for the First Annual Warren Awards were James Warren, Editor and Publisher of the Warren line of comic magazines, Creepy, Eerie, and Vampirella; illustrators par excellence Frank Frazetta, Neal Adams, Wally Wood, Tom Sutton, Ernie Colon, Billy Graham, and writers Nicola Cuti, and Archie Goodwin.

Warren, characteristically at home in front of the podium, began by introducing colorful Convention Chairman Phil Seuling, who in turn, introduced James Warren to the waiting assemblage of fans "as a man who needs no introduction." Warren later presented a gold trophy to Seuling in recognition of his efforts on behalf of comic art.

The Warren Awards were officially underway. He in-

troduced his staff, most of whom were in the audience and took appropriate bows. After reciting a litany of their respectful virtues, he recited particular stories for each. Jokingly, he related "insults" carefully selected

to suit the character of the individual staff member. "Rich Buckler," he announced, "comes into our office once a week. He's always late with a story. We strip him, beat him, humiliate and insult him, degrade

him horribly, and he pays us five dollars and goes home happy." Introductory asides over, Warren plunged into the award ceremonies. Jim described the massive gold cups and statues as per-



Receiving the Frank Frazetta trophy for best illustrated story is Neal Adams (above). For his work on "Snowman", Creepy #31, Tom Sutton (at right) won the Bradbury cup.



Seated are artists Frank Frazetta, Tom Sutton, writer Nicola Cuti and artist Ernie Colon. Flanking them are their well-deserved trophies. Both Sutton and Colon go by their guns.



Warren (left) honoring Billy Graham who receives congratulations of Frazetta and Sutton as Cuti obscures facial change to werewolf. Graham was honored for his work on the witch trilogy in Vampi #7. Unk Creepy vainly waits in the wings, unheralded.



A succubus from "The Soft, Sweet Lips of Hell", Vampi 10.

representative of "Dr. Wertham clutching his groin."

The Ray Bradbury award for Best Story in a Warren magazine went to Tom Sutton for *Snowman* in *Creepy* #31.

The Frank Frazetta cup for Best Illustrated Story was presented to Neal Adams for his version of *Rock God* in *Creepy* #32.

Frank Frazetta received the Jack Davis cup for the Best Cover for his *Eerie* #23 cover.

Warren then announced a series of special awards: writer Harlan Ellison for *Rock God*; Best All-Around Artist to Ernie Colon; a writing award to Cuti; and an honorable mention for artwork to Warren headmaster

Billy Graham. Billy's *Black Witch* was one of a trilogy on the nature of witches which appeared in *Vampi* #7. *Creepy* and *Eerie* books were on the receiving end of the awards while *Vampirella* was left emptyhanded.

A panel session followed the awards. Asked about the morality of horror comic magazines, Warren answered, "There is no such thing as 'moral' or 'immoral' comic magazines. Comics are either badly written and drawn or well written and drawn."

Why the recent full page appeal (another is planned) to end the war in Vietnam? Declaring that the editorial was in line with "our business philosophy," Warren explained that everytime there is a riot or a violent confrontation between po-



Neal Adams' "Rock God", *Creepy* #32. Story by Harlan Ellison. "Rock God" was chosen Best Illustrated Story and Adams received the Frank Frazetta cup.



Tom Sutton's "Snowman"



Cover of *Eerie* #23 licenses and revolutionary sales plange. Pretty soon, Warren felt, if the situation continued, America herself might go out of business. This obviously would have a disastrous effect upon Warren publishing. It, in any way, the ad helped in ending the war, he felt it was a sound move.

Billy Graham's name, explained Warren, is often confused with that of a great and respected spiritual leader. "If I ever get a good artist named Oral Roberts, I'm going to be in big trouble," Warren said.

Material from this article came from Martin Greim's *Comic Crusader* #10. Copies of CC's special 1970 Convention Issue can be had by sending 50c to M. Greim, Box 132, Dedham, Mass. 02026.

DETAILS OF THE 1971 NEW YORK CITY COMICON

New York's fourth annual Comic Art Convention, host to the Warren Awards, will be held from July 2nd through the 5th, the second four-day convention ever held, in New York's Statler Hilton Hotel in the Penn Top Sky Top rooms, 18th floor. As expected, it promises to be the usual great and wondrous madhouse.

A special luncheon featuring Comicom's as yet unnamed guest of honor will be held Sunday, July 4th. Past honored denizens include Hal Foster (Prince Valiant) and Harvey Kurtzman (Little Annie Fanny).

Also, we hear that there might be a panel on underground comics and a fanzine editors panel, hosted by Comic Crusader publisher Greim.

Regular membership is \$3.50, available in advance by mail, or at the door while daily membership is \$1.50 per day, available at the door only. Supporting (non-attending) membership is \$1.50 and includes both the Program Book and the Progress Report. The convention will be free to all Comicom members staying at the hotel. Room reservations are to be returned to convention sponsors and not to the hotel.

A special luncheon featuring Comicom's as yet unnamed guest of honor will be held Sunday, July 4th. Past honored denizens include Hal Foster (Prince Valiant) and Harvey Kurtzman (Little Annie Fanny). For information, write Phil Seuling, 2883 West 12th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11224. This year's Con should be the best yet. And beware, the coming of the 1971 Warren Awards.



Ernie Colon's heart-warming version of Uncle Creepy.



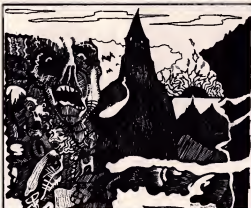
VAMPI'S FLAMES

Hi, there! I thought you'd never reach these pages. I've been waiting to show you a few more stories, poems and works of art contributed by my fellow 'Flame' followers.

Look over the artwork... read the stories... then let me know what YOU think of them. Then try your hand in becoming one of my Flames, just as J. HANEY, of Chicago, Ill. did with a Wally Wood type rendering of a sketch I call, "Tiny Tyke".



Amateur artist, Maria Hearley, of James City, Pa., penned her rendition of Vampi.



Hollis Williams, of Columbus, Ga., sends us this beautiful inking (above) which we've dubbed, "Horror Castle". Yet another contribution (below) comes to us from Carlos M. Federici of Montevideo, Uruguay (South America).



JOIN ME!
By David Reiffal

Ah, my darling . . .
your funeral wreath
has wilted . . .
another sign of DEATH.
I'll leave you, darling.
I shall miss you . . .
but I'll be back
with the morning dew.
If I am not back
before dawn . . .
you must not grieve,
you must not mourn.
I then shall have
eternal rest . . .
ah, my darling . . .
it's for the best.
I cannot live another day,
I just cannot go on this way.
I shall be there to greet
the sun,
and thus my curse shall soon
be done.
Join me, my darling . . .
join me now.
If you join me there
I shall know how
to make my undead life
be through . . .
ah, my darling, I must
still keep you!



Look again monster men, that confounding conglomeration of fear gears better not clamp you up in his clicking clutches! Slight stinger JAMES KING whose robot rolled in from Weatherford, Oklahoma warns us we'll all be in trouble if this mechanical meany goes haywire!

THE LEAKING BATHTUB!

(Adapted and edited from
an original story by
Carl Dalgrepont, Jr.)

Annie waived goodbye to her parents from the door and shivered. It was a cold night and she would be alone in the unheated house until they returned. After closing the door, she picked up the newspaper from the living room chair and brought it with her. As she climbed the long stairway to her room, the thought crossed her mind, "had she locked the door?" She was sure she had. Now she was ready to lie in bed watching T.V. and await the return of her parents. They wouldn't return from the funeral until late. Instantly, Barney, her puppy, jumped up onto the bed and began licking her hand as if it was with favorite food. Annie knew something was frightening Barney, for his tail hid between his legs as he jerked up constantly to search the semi-darkened room. When Barney began to whisper, she threw the paper aside and began to pet and stroke him, whispering comforting words to calm the frightened puppy. But no words, nor loving strokes seemed to calm him. Barney grew more and more terrified. He continued to lick her hand and tried feebly to wag his tail but something was obviously alarming the puppy despite Annie's loving strokes along his head and back. The night crept on and the cold outside seeped through the house. Annie thought again, "was the door locked? Were all the windows closed and locked? Why should it be so unusually cold this night?"

She was sure she had locked the door . . . or had she? The night dragged on. The late movie ended. The T.V. was off and Barney had long

since fallen asleep in her arms under the covers. The house was freezing. Had she locked the door? Were the windows locked? Was the basement door closed and locked? Was everything secure? Was it? The house was freezing. The bed was like a bathtub of frozen icy covers. The night light near the bed was dull and eerie. Creepy shadows hung along the walls and ceiling. Barney was shivering in his sleep cuddled in her arms. She gently began to slide the newspaper from under him and for the first time noticed the headlines: "MAD DOG MANIAC LOSE!". Sub-captioned: "Murderer of . . ."

Annie's blood suddenly froze in her veins as she thought she heard a noise downstairs. Seconds that seemed like hours ticked away on the clock across the room. She waited for the sound again . . . but she heard nothing. Only the breathing of Barney and the heartbeat in her chest above the whistle of the wind outside.

Did she lock the door? Were all the windows shut tight? Her eyelids grew heavy. Her eyes burned, then relaxed. Darkness. She was sleeping soundly. Then . . . a click! The noise aroused Barney. He had heard something, he was sure. The puppy jumped down from the bed and trotted to the closed bedroom door.

A quarter of an hour later, Annie suddenly opened her eyes when she thought she heard footsteps. She felt for Barney . . . but he was gone. She called out, "Barney?" Silent moments passed. Again, "Barney?" Silence. Perhaps . . .

"Mom? Dad?" Only the howling of the wind outside the freezing house answered her. Annie became frightened. The clock ticked louder and louder until it seemed to be filling the freezing walls of the room and seeping through the crack of half ajar door and ticking out into the hallway onto the stairway. . . ticking down the steps, fading away in the distance until it became hardly audible then rising again up the steps along the hallway . . . back to the door into the room across the floor and leaped onto the bed and Annie screamed at the top of her lungs.

Barney cowered beneath her nervously, licking her hand as Annie screamed until she finally realized it was only the puppy who had return to her bedside. When Annie finally calmed down, Barney nervous-

ly looked up at her with his tail between his legs, shaking like a leaf. The house became deathly silent with the echo's of her screams fading away and blending with the screaming wind outside. Distantly, there came a new sound that Annie was suddenly aware of. The dripping of a faucet.

She caressed the animal while listening to the drip . . . drip . . . drip . . . of a faucet somewhere in the house.

Suddenly Annie listened with an awareness that gripped her entire body in terror. The terror that perhaps this was not the dripping of water from a faucet . . . because, it dragged after each soft splat . . . as if it was . . .

TO BE CONTINUED
IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF VAMPIRELLA #13



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OFFICIAL CONTEST!
(Details in Vampirella #13)

The above illustration super-imposed over "The Leaking Bathtub" was contributed by BRIAN BUNICK of Linden, N.J. Many of our contributors have submitted fine works of art, Brian being one of them. Now, gentle readers, flip back through your copies of VAMPIRELLA, from issue #5 (the first in the series of Vamp's Flames) up to this present issue. Study the sketches, evaluate them . . . for in our next issue, we have a surprise for you AND for those PAST CONTRIBUTORS who's works of art were published on these pages. Don't miss issue #13.

GET INVOLVED!

We'd like to print a story or a picture of yours on the FANFARE pages. Why not send us one? Drawings in black ink, stories 100 words or less!

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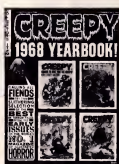
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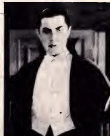
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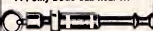
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THE CONQUEROR

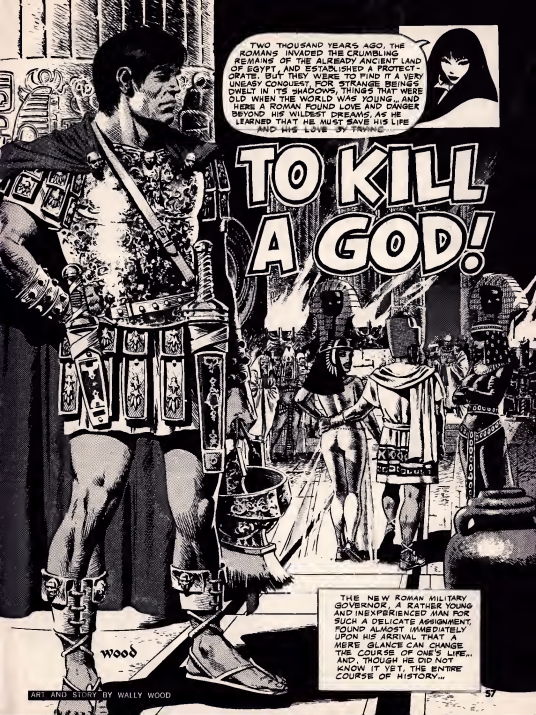


FROM CONAN
OF THE ISLES



FROM CONAN
THE FREEBOOTER





TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO, THE ROMANS INVADDED THE CRUMBLING REMAINS OF THE ALREADY ANCIENT LAND OF EGYPT, AND ESTABLISHED A PROTECTORATE. BUT THEY WERE TO FIND IT A VERY UNEASY CONQUEST FOR STRANGE BEINGS DWELT IN ITS SHADOWS, THINGS THAT WERE OLD WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG... AND HERE A ROMAN FOUND LOVE AND DANGER BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS. AS HE LEARNED THAT HE MUST SAVE HIS LIFE AND HIS LOVE BY TRYING...

TO KILL A GOD!

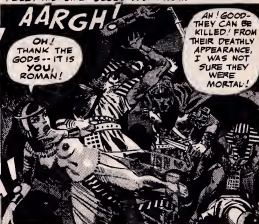
THE NEW ROMAN MILITARY GOVERNOR, A RATHER YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED MAN FOR SUCH A DELICATE ASSIGNMENT, FOUND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY UPON HIS ARRIVAL THAT A MERE GLANCE CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF ONE'S LIFE... AND, THOUGH HE DID NOT KNOW IT YET, THE ENTIRE COURSE OF HISTORY...

Wood

AS ONE IN A TRANCE, THE ROMAN GOVERNOR GAZED AFTER THE DEPARTED PRINCESS... THEN, SUDDENLY—



HIS SHORT SWORD FLICKERED IN AND OUT IN THE GLOOM, AND ONE OF THE GHASTLY ATTACKERS FELL, HIS LIFE BLOOD SPURTING...



AN! GOOD- THEY CAN BE KILLED! FROM THEIR DEATHLY APPEARANCE, I WAS NOT SURE THEY WERE MORTAL!



ROMAN! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!

...BUT WHAT ARE THEY? I HAVE NEVER SEEN THEIR LIKE!

THEY ARE THE CREATURES-- AND CREATIONS-- OF THE GOD ANUBIS!

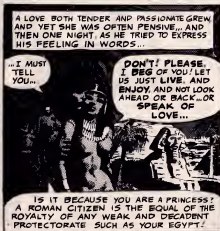
LATER, AFTER HE HAD SEEN HER SAFELY HOME...

YOU ARE THE NEW GOVERNOR, ARE YOU NOT? HOW ARE YOU CALLED?

MARCUS... AND I AM NOT YOUR GOVERNOR, BUT YOUR SLAVE!



HOW GALLANT YOU ARE... AND HOW UNUSUAL-- A POLITICIAN WHO IS ALSO A LOVER AND A FIGHTING MAN...



...I MUST TELL YOU...

DON'T PLEASE, I BEG OF YOU! LET US JUST LIVE, AND ENJOY, AND NOT LOOK AHEAD OR BACK... OR SPEAK OF LOVE...

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE A PRINCESS? A ROMAN CITIZEN IS THE EQUAL OF THE ROYALTY OF ANY WEAK AND DECADENT PROTECTORATE SUCH AS YOUR EGYPT!



STOP! IT ISN'T THAT! I MUST NOT LOVE YOU... NOR ANYONE...

BUT WHY...?

AND THEN, ONE DAY...

THE PRINCESS HAS DISAPPEARED! ANKHNON! TITUS! BEGIN A SEARCH! FIND HER!



WE ALREADY HAVE, SIR!

SHE IS IN THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS... BUT I FEAR FINDING HER IS THE EASY PART... SHE IS IN THE POWER OF A GOD!

A GOD?

A PRIEST, YOU MEAN!

NO, I MEAN A GOD! I KNOW IT IS HARD FOR AN INFIDEL--BEGGING YOUR INDULGENCE, SIRE--TO ACCEPT BUT...

NOT HARD, ANKHON... IMPOSSIBLE!

LOOK! THERE SHE IS! BUT WHAT.

EVEN NOW SHE IS PREPARING TO BECOME THE BRIDE OF ANUBIS...

NO DOUBT, SIRE...

BUT NOW IT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

THAT DRINK... SHE IS BEING DRUGGED!

SUDDENLY, UNSEEN PIPES AND STRINGS BEGAN AN EERIE RHYTHM, AND SHE BEGAN TO SWAY TO A MELODY TERRIBLY ALIEN... BOTH CHILLING AND SENSUAL...

THE MUSIC REACHED A CLIMAX, AND SHE WRITHED, MOANING AS IF IN PAIN, THEN COLLAPSED ACROSS A DIVAN. THE AGED ANKHON BEGAN TO SPEAK VERY SOFTLY...

"FROM TIME BEYOND MEMORY, THE STATUE OF ANUBIS HAS COME TO LIFE, AND INITIATED A MAIDEN INTO THE SACRED MYSTERIES..."

"I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT ON OCCASION A PRIEST HAS BEEN TEMPTED TO USE THIS CUSTOM TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A YOUNG WOMAN HE DESIRED..."

"BUT I HAVE SEEN THE FACE OF ANUBIS... AND IT IS NOT A MASK! IT IS THE FACE OF A WOLF, AS YOU WILL SEE IF YOU ARE UNLUCKY!"



IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, MARCUS FELT A SHIVER OF SUPERSTITIOUS DREAD AS THE IDOL STOOD UP...
... BUT ALL WAS BLOTTED OUT BY A RED RAGE AS THE GOD MOVED TOWARD THE PRINCESS...

NOW I WILL SEE IF THIS 'GOD' BLEEDS

NO! I SWOON OF YOU I DO NOT TRY TO KILL A GOD.

THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE BERSERK ROMAN...

EEEE!
OH, NO!

WELL? AREN'T YOU GLAD TO SEE ME?

OH, MARCUS! YOU HAVE JUST COMMITTED SUICIDE!

WHY? THIS IS BUT A MAN... A PRIEST IN A MASK!

THAT MAY BE... BUT THERE IS A REAL ANUBIS...

...SEE?

LATER, AS MARCUS SLEPT...
FAREWELL, MY LOVE... I MUST GO TO MY DESTINY... TO ANUBIS...

...GIVE MYSELF TO HIM...

PERHAPS THEN HE WILL NOT HARM YOU...

THERE SHE IS! SEIZE HER!

I BEG OF YOU TAKE ME...

NO, I AM SORRY, BUT NO ONE MAY ATTACK A GOD AND LIVE!

SILENCE HER!

MARCUS WAS BRIEFLY DELAYED BY ANUBIS' HIDEOUS SERVANTS...

BUT LET HIM BE!

YOU OTHERS... GO BRING ME THE MAN!

MARCUS! LOOK OUT!

ANUBIS COMES!

THUD!

PRINCESS! WHERE ARE YOU?

THEN A SHADOW ACROSS THE MOON MADE HIM LOOK UP...

BY THE GODS! WHAT IS THAT?

... AND WHERE ARE THEY TAKING HER?

PERHAPS YOU WILL BELIEVE NOW, ROMAN! IT IS ALL TRUE... THAT IS A SPHYNX, ANUBIS IS A GOD... AND THEY ARE TAKING HER ACROSS THE RIVER STYX TO THE LAND OF THE DEAD!

WILL YOU DARE GO AFTER HER? TO THE DOMAIN OF CHARON?

YES! I WOULD GO TO HELL ITSELF FOR HER! TITUS? CAIUS? WHO WILL GO WITH ME?

WHERE YOU LEAD, WE FOLLOW, SIR!

VERY WELL, YOU RASH YOUNG FOOL! I CANNOT STOP YOU, BUT I CAN GIVE YOU THIS... A BOW AND AN ARROW MADE OF THE MAGIC METAL...

THANK YOU... BUT WHY...?

I HAVE WAITED LONG FOR YOUR KIND OF FOOL! THE FACT I BELIEVE IN GODS SUCH AS ANUBIS DOESN'T MEAN I APPROVE OF THEM!

SHOOT FROM A DISTANCE, AND DO NOT MISS! GOOD LUCK... AND GOOD HUNTING!

AND SOON...

I CAN SEE CLIFFS
AHEAD... STRANGE,
WHITE CLIFFS!
MAKE READY
TO GO
ASHORE!

... AND
PRAY
ANKHNON'S
SILVER
ARROW IS
INDEED
MAGIC!

OH, MARCUS... MARCUS...
WHY DID YOU COME? ARE
YOU SO EAGER TO DIE?
I TRIED TO SPARE YOU
THIS... FOR, NO MATTER
HOW GOOD, OR STRONG,
OR WISE, NO MAN CAN
DO WHAT YOU ARE
ATTEMPTING!

SOON DETAILS ON THE
SHORE WERE VISIBLE...
AND THEY SAW THAT THE
CLIFFS WERE COMPOSED
OF HUMAN BONES... THE
COUNTLESS BONES OF
ALL THE DEAD OF FIFTY
CENTURIES OF AN ANCIENT
RACE...

LOOK, SIR!
THERE SHE
IS! STAKED
OUT LIKE BAIT
IN A TRAP! SHALL
WE LAND ELSE-
WHERE, OR...?

NO! WE GO
ASHORE RIGHT
HERE! LET US SEE
IF OUR GOOD ROMAN
STEEL CAN BREAK
THE TEETH OF
THIS TRAP!

THE ROMANS WERE AFRAID,
BUT THEIR DISCIPLINE HELD...
AT A SIGNAL FROM MARCUS,
THEY PLUNGED INTO THE
SURF, AND, FORMING THEIR
IMPENETRABLE PHALANX,
MARCHED ASHORE...

IMMEDIATELY, THEY WERE ATTACKED, BUT BY CREATURES OF FLESH AND BLOOD...

ADVANCE!

YOU MEN
CARRY ON
WITH THE
KILLING...

HOLD
FAST YOUR
SHIELD
WALL!

I WILL GO TO THE
PRINCESS, AND
SEE IF ANUBIS
MAKES HIS
APPEARANCE...

OH,
MARCUS!
YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE TRIED
BUT LET US SEE
IF WE CAN ESCAPE
BEFORE ANUBIS-

IT'S TOO LATE,
MY PRINCESS!
LOOK BEHIND
YOU!

RRRR

FLINGING
THE GIRL
ASIDE, THE
WOLF GOD
ATTACKED...

...AND MARCUS
WAS SHAKEN
ENOUGH TO
FORGET THE
ARROW AND
USE HIS
SHORT
SWORD...



AGAIN HE
DESTROYED
THE MASK
OF ANUBIS
BUT THIS
TIME...

NO! IT
CANNOT
BE!

ROWR!

ANKHNON
WAS
RIGHT!



HIS BLADE FLASHED AS ANUBIS
LEAPED AT HIS THROAT...

THEN, WITH THE HELPLESS FEEL-
ING OF ONE TRAPPED IN A NIGHT-
MARE, HE FELT RAZOR-SHARP
FANGS RIPPING AT HIS JUGULAR...
A WAVE OF DIZZINESS SWEEPED
OVER HIM, THEN EVERYTHING GREW
DARK...

...AND HE OPENED HIS
EYES A MOMENT LATER
TO SEE...



...RAN HIM
THROUGH...
AND HE'S
STILL
COMING!



A AARGH!



WEAK AND FAINT, MARCUS REMEMBERED THE ARROW...

... AS THE SHARP TEETH OF ANUBIS FOUND THE GIRL'S THROAT ...

... BUT A SECOND LATER THE ROMAN LET FLY THE SILVER SHAFT OF THE WISE ANKHANON, STRIKING THE GOD-BEAST SQUARELY IN THE HEART!

NO!
HELP!

EEEEEE!

YII!!

AS HE DIED, ANUBIS BEGAN TO CHANGE...

NOW HE IS DEAD!

YOU'VE DONE IT, OH, MARCUS! I LOVE YOU!

AT LAST!

ABOARD THE SHIP IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO REMOVE HER CHAINS...

...FROM WOLF'S HEAD TO AN INCREDIBLY OLD MAN... THEN TO A GRINNING SKULL, WHICH CRUMBLED AND DISSOLVED INTO A CLOUD OF DUST...

CONFIDENTLY THEY SET SAIL FOR THE LAND OF THE LIVING... BUT THAT NIGHT SOMETHING HAPPENED, AND THEY KNEW THAT THEY COULD NOT RETURN TO A NORMAL LIFE...

M-MY HANDS!

THE NEXT MORNING...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BITE OF ANUBIS... NOW WE ARE AS WE...
OH, MARCUS! WHAT ARE WE? GODS... OR MONSTERS?

THEY SWERVED TO THE EAST AND PASSED BETWEEN ROME AND GREECE, LANDING IN A MOUNTAINOUS AREA OF THE CONTINENT...



... AND THAT IS THE STORY OF WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO MARCUS ANTONIUS AND CLEOPATRA! THEY SETTLED IN THE BALKANS, AND ARE STILL ALIVE (OR DEAD, OR LIVING DEAD, DEPENDING ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW) IN A REGION THAT HAS SINCE COME TO BE CALLED TRANSYLVANIA!





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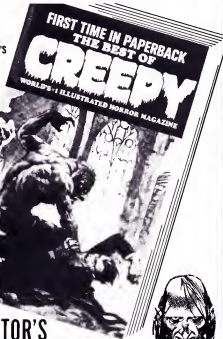
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